

ess and cheapness of teachers to expound

the circulation of the plan is tending to in the Church. He of this assertion. It assumption, altogether ne the diffusion of the ry helped forward the here are not many of d to grieve over that. body separate from ible reading had not of that schism. On several unions take of Protestant Chris not help rejoicing in icate that the desire ie old spirit of dis- essary to notice the espondent gives, be- with the matter in

son for not sympa- work, is that the cir- note or comment, ivate interpretation" ondent means, I sup- t to form their own Scripture, but must he Catholic Church. forth an annotated But the Prayer- the Homilies of the Vell, but surely it is ld know and under- is possible. There- teach the people to and labour to shew he Church are in har- your correspondent ches of the Church ng side by side in He knows also that veral doctrines, and appeal to Scripture. diates. How shall they judge for them- pture. For a mem- Canada to oppose res, as if the Church a circulation, is cer-

E. ARCHIBALD.

MS.

week with reference ivals of one kind or onsideration of the ough, to see full re- and when such have opointing to find our But when we reflect o interest whatever rish, and that you ided over the whole hat in their interest Let us submit good f the scissors, or bet- part unnecessary by rthing of mere local T. WALKER.

R.

n is being victimized Shallob" or "Shal- ant collecting money Fund. Would you impostor. He paid eded in moving the carrying off some ng the man, I wrote l in Constantinople, nswer that the man up at once. Should will gladly furnish W. DAWSON, Asst.

## CHURCH.

the secular press nence to anything Especially are they from our ranks to ing forth the doings otwithstanding the and over again that es to her gains is as ry of "Romeward ow I am glad to see ing agitated a little aire that we should he sects, or exhibit spirit to the unbe-

lieving world. But I think we are bound, in the interests of many of our own people, who are likely to be led away by a popular cry, to let them know something about the good haven that is at present working in Dissent-dom. Such articles as the CHURCHMAN occasionally publishes upon this and kindred subjects, as I can testify from experience, do very much good in our parishes. Your article two weeks ago is worth its weight in gold. It is exactly what the people in this country want, as they are too apt to suppose that the Church loses all and gains none. Paragraphs which plainly attest that the converts are not all on one side, which speak of accessions to the Church, should always find a place in a paper, designed for the education and encouragement of her members. Permit me to add my humble contribution to such telling literature. In January last I began to keep a list of those accessions from the ministerial ranks of the denominations, which I met with in my reading. I may say the number of papers I had from which to gather these particulars was very small—only two weekly—and yet I herewith submit the names of nearly forty preachers and theological students—representing the growth of Church principles outside of us for a period of scarcely ten months. And all these, with perhaps one or two exceptions, have only been what came under my observation as accessions to the Church in the United States alone during the time above mentioned. First of Roman Catholics, the names of those priests received into the Church of England are: Revs. J. K. Kurcher, F. W. Ellis, E. M. W. Hills, Cecil B. Young and H. J. Pare. From the Baptists: Messrs. J. L. Boxer, W. L. Whitmarsh, John Blackwood, Charles J. Gordon, C. Howard Malcolm, and T. J. Mellish. From the Presbyterians: H. B. Jefferson, J. J. McNulty, E. H. Leavitt, F. Cowan, Jared A. Joss, and W. McK. Pittinger. From the Methodists: J. G. Haigh, M. Edmonds, Thos. McClintock, G. W. Fitch, J. E. Meredith, J. M. C. Fulton, J. T. Widgery, A. P. Chapman and Wm. H. Anderson. From the Unitarians: F. C. J. Bosanquet and W. J. Knapp; also Johannes Rochstroh, a Lutheran, and Joshua V. Himes, an Advent preacher. From the Congregationalists: Edwd. Abbott, Homer J. Broadwell, W. Robinson, Leverett Bradley, Jr., F. Baylis Allen, Thos. Lunt, Bishop Falkner, Evan T. Jenkins, H. J. Martyn, Chas. A. Hayden, J. H. Logue, and David Jenkins. Hoping you will find space for this brief and hurried note, I am yours truly,

Nov. 17, 1879.

W. C. BRADSHAW.

P.S.—I may add that in nearly every instance I can give the town or State from whence these men came, and the position they at present hold in the Church.

## A CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR:—Your issue of the 13th instant states that on Thanksgiving Day there was a "Special Service" and an "Organ Recital" in St. Alban's, Ottawa. Allow me to correct this inaccurate paragraph. Instead of one service on the Day of Thanksgiving, there were two, both, I am glad to say, well attended; and beyond the saying of an authorized Thanksgiving prayer, and singing Thanksgiving hymns there was nothing very special about them,—except the liberal amount of the offerings.

It is true that a new organ, then but partly constructed and not yet finished, was played at the evening service for the first time; and as suitable for a second discourse on a Day of Praise, the sermon was (at the request of friends) upon the subject of *Prayer Book Music*, and the offerings were devoted to Sunday expenses incidental to the Organ completion. But I cannot see how the playing an Organ for Canticles, Psalms and Hymns, in the Service, constitutes an *Organ Recital*. Holding, perhaps, peculiar views, I have a decided objection to what are known by "Organ Recitals" in the House of God. Rightly or wrongly, I utterly disapprove of turning God's Presence Chambers into a Concert-hall at any time, whether it be to display the talents of Organist or Choir, the power of pipes human or instrumental. Therefore, I feel I should not allow this mis-statement to go forth uncontradicted.

T. BEDFORD JONES.

Ottawa, Nov. 14, 1879.

## TO THE PUPILS AND OLD FRIENDS OF THE LATE BISHOP STRACHAN.

DEAR FRIENDS:—As I have often heard the remark made, "What a pity that somebody does not collect the very racy anecdotes that are current about the lion-hearted old Bishop in a small compass, and publish them to the world before they are forgotten," I have already collected more than thirty of them, and if I can be favored with sufficient in addition, to make it worth while to publish them, I may do so. I shall, therefore, be much obliged to any one who has any of them if he will kindly send them to me, so that, if published, the collection may be as complete as possible. I am, my dear friends,

Yours very faithfully,

Bishophurst, Hamilton,  
Nov. 14, 1879.

T. B. NIAGARA.

## Family Reading.

### GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER XVI.—"THOSE LAWYERS."

Various were the opinions expressed when the news spread of the five hundred pounds reward which Cyril Egerton had offered. Some considered it unreasonable in magnitude, others again thought it small, considering the wealth and position of the Egertons and the stardline of the assault.

Among the newcomers was a certain Mr. Hart, a gentleman with a projection between his eyes, a hooked nose, and a turning downward of his under lip. When he had been for some days amongst them, the Atherton people said he had rather a Jewish cast of countenance. No one contradicted them. This gentleman took up his abode in some remote back part of the town, but might have been seen and met at a hours, and in all sorts of unexpected places. His time was one of the most exciting that had ever been known in Atherton, and nothing else was talked of but the mystery of the attack on Clau Egerton.

It was just threedays after the announcement of the five hundred pounds reward, when a new and terrible turn was given to the gossip of the place; a rumour was whispered about, at first too horrible to be credited, although not too unnatural to be discussed, and finally the rumour gained ground, for some people loved a morbid horror, and have a strange passion for welling upon such.

It became so general, that it was impossible to say who had originated it; everybody wondered where it had originated, but every one had heard of and listened to it.

Mr. Hart had appeared on the scene almost before it was believed possible that the news of the reward could have been published in London. What his opinions were it was of course impossible to say; he had the talent to keep them to himself; but when he heard the last turn which the gossip had taken, whispered everywhere alike, he made up his mind one evening to make a call.

Mr. Benson had returned to the Hall, where he kept solitary state, for Cyril was rarely at home, and some favorable symptoms had shown themselves in Claude's state, aint and almost imperceptible as they were. Benson, therefore, was the most important person at the Hall; and it is to be doubted whether many people had really a better time of it than he and the housekeeper.

One evening, when Mr. Benson and Mrs. Clark were lingering over their nearly-finished tea, one of the servants came and announced that "a Mr. Hart wanted to see M. Benson."

Mrs. Clark, who liked to hear and know all that was going on, said, "Show him in here." But Benson, who enjoyed the importance of the slight mystery, added, "No; I will come and see what he wants, and, if desirable, I will bring him here afterwards, Mrs. Clark."

Mr. Hart was standing at the open door of the kitchen entrance, and greeted Mr. Benson in the most friendly and flattering manner. He lost no time in telling him that he had been especially sent down by the Government to investigate the matter with which Atherton was at this time so occupied, and that it was the opinion on all sides that no better help might be found in elucidating the matter than that which could be afforded by Mr. Benson; indeed, Mr. Benson was almost led to suppose, from what Mr. Hart said, that his sovereign herself had heard of him, and recommended that his advice should be sought.

It is possible that there may be people sufficiently hardened to be proof against flattery, but Mr. Benson was not one of these high-minded mortals; he warmly invited Mr. Hart to enter, saying perhaps he would come and it down in the housekeeper's room, and join them in a cup of tea.

Mr. Hart, however, remarked that, however he might afterwards enjoy a cup of tea, business must first be attended to, and to this end perhaps they could be alone for a short time.

He was conducted to another room, where Mr. Benson poked up the fire, and drew two chairs up before it, and having ordered in some refreshment for his visitor, they proceeded to business.

Mr. Hart asked many questions, at the same time showing Mr. Benson clearly that he was fully up in all that had occurred on that fatal 24th.

Mr. Benson, indeed, was somewhat astonished at the knowledge of the family and its affairs which he possessed, and Mr. Benson further perceived that this was a man who would do more than wonder "who in the wide world could have done it," as was the custom amongst Atherton farmers. "A horrid thing, indeed, to happen in a peaceful family," said Mr. Hart, at length; "never a word nor a dispute between the brothers, I think you said."

"Never!" said Mr. Benson, heartily; two dear boys as ever was, and I've known 'em since they were born. Master Cyril always lorded it over Mr. Claude, and Mr. Claude always gave way to him; he had such a sweet nature, it was delightful to see them together. They had some little difference of opinion just at the last, just before Christmas, but that was between themselves, nobody knew what it was, but I never saw them cold to one another before."

"Then they did have a quarrel about that time?"

"Yes; there had been something wrong for a week or two; they were very hard on one another, and everybody wondered what it could be, but never a word did they say to a living soul. I suppose it was some private disagreement they didn't care to tell anyone, and it was so strange that the whole place talked about it."

"Had they made it up again?"

"No, I am afraid not. In fact, that morning I remarked to Mrs. Clarke that I had never seen Mr. Cyril look at Mr. Claude as he did when I was clearing away the cloth, and as they separated after that, and did not see one another again, they couldn't very well have made it up; but poor Mr. Cyril's forgotten all that long ago, you may depend."

"Of course he has," remarked Mr. Hart.

"Benson had however by this time become loquacious, and he continued, "I was just saying to Mrs. Clark, over our cup of tea this evening, that one might call that Christmas Eve a regular day of horrors. First of all the quarrel between Mr. Claude and Mr. Cyril being so bad, and then Mr. Cyril's accident, and then—"

"A day of horrors, indeed!" remarked Mr. Hart, stretching out his hands to the comforting warmth of the fire; "but I've heard the two brothers met again that afternoon. Two men passed them on horseback—I forget their names just now."

Mr. Hart had the names of these two men carefully written in a pocket-book, then in the breast pocket of his coat.

"Then I dare say they made it up, after all," said the old man, joyfully.

"I am afraid not," said Mr. Hart, after a slight pause. "Indeed, these two men said they were quarrelling so violently that they almost expected they would come to blows."

"Then they knew nothing about Mr. Claude!" said Benson, indignantly, "or they would have known that he wouldn't come to blows with any one, least of all with his brother."

"Mr. Cyril's accident?" inquired Mr. Hart, quickly; "I never heard of that."

"Likely enough not," was the answer; "I believe every soul as knowed anything about it has clean forgotten it. You see, we have all been so taken up with Mr. Claude's accident, that we thought no more of Mr. Cyril's, seeing as he wasn't seriously hurt, either."

"What was the accident?"

"Well, he got thrown from his horse, and came in in the evening, covered with blood, and looking like death. He didn't seem to like us to take notice of it when he came in in the evening, covered with blood, and looking like death. He didn't seem to like us to take notice of it when he came in; of course he didn't like having to own he had been thrown—and no wonder, for he is a first-rate rider, and we were all as surprised as could be to think the mare should have got the better of him. But I bathed his face, and when he had changed his clothes and had a bit of rest, he got over the shaking; and then the fright immediately following about Mr. Claude, made him and every one of us forget all about his mishap from that moment to this."

"Whether they did so or not must remain a mystery," said Mr. Hart, "for this was the state of things when these two men passed on, and out of sight, and they were left alone together."